

**Fifty Year Ago
Poem by James Kirkham
Lehi Sun January 19, 1922**

**How dear to my heart, is the home of my childhood,
The town of Lehi that I love so well.
The streets and the gardens, and old fashioned houses
And the old adobe school house where we rang the bell.**

**How dear is the church, where we all went to worship
Nearby stood the flagpole and the library as well
And the dear old Bishop, how well we all remember
His prayers and his sermons that made our hearts swell.**

**Oh where is the Fort Wall and the old Tithing office
And the old fashioned scales, our tithes weighed so well
And the old mud fences, that surrounded the hay stacks?
If they could speak, what stories they'd tell.**

**How well I remember the bridge over the river
and the wooden toll gate that opened so well
Where Messers, Ball, Colledge and Jenkins together
Collected the sheckels, their purses to swell.**

**Yes, well I remember the Cold Springs over the river,
The Union Exchange and Ben Lott's sorrel mule,
The mill and the pond where we went swimming together,
When the boys ran away from Will Thurman's day school.**

**Shall I ever forget the drilling and marching
And the old Enoff band of drums and fifes
And how we abolished the musket, and learned how to use it,
While guarding the fort by day and by night.**

**And what about the band that was led by the Foxes,
That paraded the streets, oh where are they now,
And the old Kirkham orchestra, oh what are they doing
Have they quit their violins for the hoe and the plow?**

**Oh where are the Taylors, the Strandings and Hatches,
The Winns, the Murdocks, and Mahoneys galore,
And the tree by the church, can we ever forget them?
Not while we remember, poor Henry Longmore.**

**Then I remember the Hammers and Wedges
The Mallets, the Naegles, and Petersons too.
The Olmsteads and Royles, the Briggs and the Empeys,
The Evans, the Vaughns, and the Worltons all true.**

**And there was the Bushmans, the Allreds, and Losees,
The Zimmermans, the Andersons, the Ellingsons as well,
The Bones, the Carters, the James, the Harwoods,
When gathered together what stories they'd tell.**

**Yea, where are the Becks, the Andreasons, and Foxes,
The Thomas', the Williams, Loveridges as well,
The Fowlers, the Southwicks, the Yates and others,
Oh where are they now, Can anyone tell?**

**Now there was the Bradshaw's, the Martins, and Ross'
The Fjelds, the Woodhouses, and Hendersons also.
The Claytons, the Wagstaffs, Nortons and Mulliners,
The Davis' the Smiths and the Snows.**

**What of the Austins, the Rhodes and the Russons,
The Rackers, the Larsens and the Jacobs too.
The Pecks and the Holmes, the Fotheringhams and Molens.
The Gilchrists, Goates, and Clarks we all know.**

**Next was the Bensons, the Downs, and the Drewerys,
The Robinsons, the Christoffersons, Wilcoxs and Gibbs,
Broadbents, Simmons, Phillips and Gurneys,
Powells, and Colledges, Wanlass' and Webbs.**

**There was the Wines, the Wings and the Sabeys,
The Hutchings, Turners, Goodies and Shaws,
The Goodwins, the Jacksons, the Munns and the Bryants,
The Lambs and the Lewis' and a great many more**

**Now comes the Ransoms, the McOmies and Jones',
The Woodards, Ashtons, Millers and Cox,
Dawsons, the Karrens, the Tranes and the Walkers,
The Bells, the Martins and the family of Lotts.**

**There were the Hewletts, the Dortons, and Howes,
The Ericksons, the Knudsens, the Sparks and Browns,
The Grays, and the Geraldles, the Peckels and Brooks,
Sharps, Hawkins, and Roberts, that made us all look.**

**For Gudmundsens, Sorensens, Partlages, ages and Goughs
Whitmans, Cutlers, Mears and Potts,
Leggs and Longs, Earls and Schows,
Slaters, Masons, Wells, and so now.**

**Gone are they, yea, but not forgotten,
Though many are resting peacefully 'tis said,
Silently, waiting, sleeping, not waking,
On the hill side amid the City of the Dead.**

James Kirkham-January 1, 1922